

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

Three Dollars a Year,
In Advance.

No. 32.

THE VOYAGE.

BY C. W.

WEARY days and nights, so still, so still—
The water still, the sky so blue and low
We pass and pause, and yet our progress will
Be slow, for we are bound to the shore
It is not for us, we have the strong winds now
And free as in the east, the west, we see
Great ships and small go drifting far and free.

II.—ADAPT.

O weary days and nights so dark and cold—
The water still, the sky so blue and low
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CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES.

Author of "Red Kelly," "Worship,
The Secret."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

Stannard narrated what we already knew concerning the outrage and murder of the pioneer, while Barbour, ghastly and pale, strode up and down the room like a maniac.

"My God," he answered, "my dear, dear Ed, what terrible fate has overwhelmed you? Stannard, for the love of heaven, please—tell me—so long a time has elapsed, that I am utterly bewildered."

"I can suggest nothing better than to employ some of the ablest scouts of the frontier to search for her."

"Search where? There are a thousand fastnesses in the Rocky Mountains and the more range of these hills, where she may be held in captivity for years, or tortured to death without earning one trace. My poor, poor Ed! Can we hope to find any trace in the vicinity of the fort?"

"Dan and I have been hourly expected in when I left, but it will not be safe to leave much hope on them, as they are mostly employed in guiding trains across the prairie."

"Let us ride in immediately."

"Hold a little!" returned his companion, as he shaded his eyes with his hands. "Do you see those straight columns of smoke rising in every direction from the plains?"

"I have watched them for two nights now. Come the red snakes."

"They are beyond fire."

"Without a doubt."

"And it behooves every settler on the extreme frontier, if he have a home to remain near to, to devise a formidable defense."

"Do you think danger menaces us here?" demanded Barbour, with that incredulous surprise which shows how gross we are to believe that we are to escape those calamities which may and do overwhelm others.

"It is quite impossible to tell that," returned the captain. "If only people knew just where and when danger threatened them, they could, in a measure, protect themselves. At least, it behooves the settlers to be on the alert."

"So soon as friendly darkness veils the earth I shall ride southward towards the fort, and if I arrive safely, by tomorrow night the best horse that money can procure shall be in possession of all that I know of my sister's fate, and started upon the trail of the cowardly abductors."

"The two friends shook hands."

"Meanwhile, Edward, order the men here to vigilance. I have a foreboding that those signal fires will work well for the pioneer."

"It isn't safe," mused Stannard, as he rode away, "for a handful of soldiers to reach so far out from the military posts."

He turned in his saddle and looked back.

"I am nervous since my illness; but I have a sinking sense of belief that I am never to see Barbour alive again. Only eight miles to the fort. What if I should happen on and procure a squad of soldiers to return to Barbourville with me. The idea is, I suppose, absurd. They have noticed nothing to signify unusual danger; they believe themselves too idle to consider the desire for murder and pillage in the savage breast. Perhaps they are right; I wish that I knew."

It was a lovely night, and had the country been quiet and safe, the solitary horseman would have greatly enjoyed it, but nervous as he, for some inexplicable reason, had become, he felt that he must move with extreme caution, for mounting parties from the outposts had reported



Half-way they were met by a courier—a mere boy, clinging by the mane to the bare back of his horse—riding for life.

the plains actually swarming with savages.

He left the broad traveled trail, and took a by-route, and reached the fort unmolested, but so soon as he was with his forebodings concerning Barbourville, that instead of setting to rest, as he still feeble health suggested, he remained in the barracks yard conversing with the young fellows whom the beauty of the night had retained outside.

"There's a dull glow showing yonder," said Lieutenant O'Connor, tossing his hand toward the far horizon.

"The hour was close upon midnight."

"How far away is it?"

"The matter of eight or ten miles, sir, I should say," returned a subaltern.

"Can I have a squad of soldiers to ride out towards yonder fire?"

"Stannard's agitated question, as he advanced towards General C—"

"It is more than a beacon on some eminence, captain."

"I think—I fear it is. I will use all caution, sir, but it seems hazardous to remain inactive, when, perhaps, the settlers are being butchered almost within call of our voices."

"Have you an idea of the locality of the fire?"

"It is in the direct course of Barbourville, through which I came on my return here. It is a small place of not more than thirty inhabitants."

"Take O'Connor's detachment along, captain, but, for heaven's sake, be cautious. You are likely to be ensnared on your way there."

"We will be careful."

"But you would be too late if it is already fired."

"Too late for anything but, perhaps, to pick up the poor creatures who might have crawled off in the grass, and are for the time safe."

They were soon mounted and off—a score of brave fellows, and as the red glow leaped and sank against the background of sky, they drove on at the utmost speed. Stannard each moment became more fully convinced that Barbourville had been attacked, and half-way between the fort and the settlement they were met by a courier—a mere boy, clinging by the mane to the bare back of his horse—riding for life.

He was riding for life, and did not stop to question whether the coming party were friends or foes.

Unable to check his horse, which was being gallantly wounded when the intruding youth of sixteen had dashed through the young township, it was only when he was halted in the centre of the group of soldiers that he found voice.

"That's for me, soldiers. Come back to the settlement. The Indians have fired the town; only the little black house is unburnt, and they are all in there trying to defend their lives. Oh, Edward! Barbour sent me to the fort for Captain Stannard—but come, come, it is already too late."

The party momentarily halted to hear the boy's explanation, then dashed forward at once a terror pace.

Even the remaining four miles were accomplished, the floods had finished their work. The red rain of legs had been ignited by the blazing arrows which prickled its joints on every side, and the settlers fleeing from the fire, fell a prey to the knife and tomahawk.

Not a savage was to be seen or heard when the score of hardy soldiers dashed in among the smoking, falling ruins.

Shocked, pained with horror, the first prostrate form over which Stannard stumbled proved to be that of his friend

Barbour. Believing him only a mangled and gory corpse, Stannard, with desperate strength, caught him up and bore him a little to one side where he knew that a stream of clear water was flowing, and dipping his hand in this, he wiped away the blood, hoping in a wild, uncalculated excitement, that it might prove other than his friend. Rich at heart, with his worst fears realized, he laid him down again; but was it funny or did the dead man's lips move, and did he utter the word "Edie?"

"I will search for her, Ed, to the rock of the earth," answered Stannard, stooping to whisper the assurance in the ear of the corpse.

The soldiers remained near the scene of the tragedy until the early daylight allowed them to bury the dead.

Again the eastern prairie chronicled—"Another Indian atrocity. A small settlement attacked, and every person brutally murdered."

Now we will take up the line of march without any more retrograde movements and resume our narration of events.

It was here that only a score—a black crowd—remained of Barbourville that we first met Charon. In whatever way he was connected with the little township, future developments will show.

It is not known where he passed the succeeding hours until early dawn lighted up the western world, when he again appeared on foot, stalking silently and grimly in the vicinity of the little settlement. He was persistently searching for the direction of the trail, and for any peculiarities connected with it. His horse, eager movements certainly be spoke some of the stolidism ascribed to those with savage blood in their veins. By-and-by he came to his feet, spoke a few words in apparently broken English, threw out his arms, and gave vent to that wild yelp and howl which, for its very bravado, made the Texas Fox the terror of marauding skulkers on the plains.

As if previously said, time will prove what interest he had in the people of Barbourville, but he did not forget his agreement to join and guide a train which was expected to come up through the Indian Territory with supplies for the outposts. He was to be joined at Yellow Creek by two or more brother scouts, when, in company, they were to get down through the Delaware's section, and strike the regular trail leading off from the Staked Plains.

CHAPTER IV.

MURDER FOR A TRAIL.

A soft, starry summer night on the plains. The young moon, with her screen up, was turning her face away from earth, allowing little more than the rim of her face to be visible, and the stars twinkled and winked unclouded around her. To a casual or careless observer, lifting only his insignificant height above the tall grass, the plain seemed like a solemn green sea, from whose surface all life had fallen down. No wild beasts roared; only a short, echolonic note from some smaller animal, the blended cawing and mewing of a myriad of insects at work in the grass; only the silent, graceful, spectral uprising of thin columns of smoke, suggesting to the initiated grain, crumpling stealthy ravages.

However, we will visit one of those camp-fires, the smoke of which, rising and wavering, shows that the embers are smoldering. In a basin-like hollow

near a clump of stunted cottonwood trees, two men are reclining in an indolent and apparently careless position upon the grass. The red embers of their fire are cooking to a turn the chunks of juicy venison picketed within roasting distance.

The two veterans are burning tobacco as if on a wager, and for a time uninterupted silence prevailed.

A time chance at this season of the year. "It was the elder scout who spoke first."

"You are thinking of their migratory habits, Dan?"

"Yes, the reds stay but little time in a place. The prospect of better hunting grounds trails on about like ignis fatuus. Again, we've got but a poor guide to find the gal. I earnestly hinge to the idea that it might be the prairie fowler who has 'loped with her,' as 'agin it might be."

"I heard you argue like this with Captain Stannard," returned his companion.

Buns now arose from his reclining position, put away his pipe in some inner receptacle, and with his hair, like sea foam, rising around the close-fitting cap, he spoke with the utmost conviction:

"Fastly, we it is! Injuns as attacked the stage that night when, as Stannard affirms, the gal was kidnapped, or white roadways with red allies? Agin, who was the fellow, as he says, she recognized, leastwise, thought she did, among the passengers—her fellow riders of with their tawny beard? Agin, secondly and lastly, who were the missis' two stagers as didn't show their corpses, as 'what become on 'em?"

"Made captives, no doubt, with the gal."

"Invited inter an Injin sociable as 'bout, as 'bout. Taint likely. The darkness of the night, as Stannard describes it, and as we experienced ourselves, permuting as we did about their fate, for their most part on all-fours, would hardly allow for their attack; party for pick an' choose who they found an' who they roost. No, I'm halied 'tween two opinions. Either some sentimental Sioux pictured his wigwag hemmed in with this gal a splittin' of his kindlin' an' fillin' his calumnet, while he had been as 'pints on the odiferous hides or his ancestral rock, or else that tawny leard, with malice a-fourpence, took occasion in their general hubbub to truck her under his wing an' make off."

"I hardly see how it could be accomplished."

"Probable; but then there were loose horses—leastwise, poor Max's black devil hain't heered ter roll-call since."

"Poor Max?" echoed Dan, "a braver fellow never lived—and he was so proud of his invincible four-in-hand."

"By-the-by," returned him, in a mysterious and significant whisper, "taint no more 'an I expected; but Pigeon, the half-breed, acting about to meet a party away beyond Laramie, as he was most rid on to by Max an' his right leader. Ter remember their vicious leard, with their black of white down her long face?"

"Max?" echoed Dan, incredulously.

"His outline," affirmed him. "I expected it, rally, I did. Ben as in tuk outer life is that ere outrageous manner don't lay still in their grass. They rise—yes, sir."

"Only in the mow of the bossards," returned matter-of-fact Dan.

"Well, then, it might be a band of hard-boiled scouts, as the old scout, indignantly. 'I ain't a gwine to say anything agin a man because he ain't as old as he may be; but, Dan, when y'ere squatted about their bellows of existence, an' premeditated their foot hills to their extent as I've done, you'll see strange sights and be redly ter believe anything or nothing. Howsander, while this yer hair-raising goes on, one corner of my apron of steak is did to er crisp. Her salt on yours, Dan?"

"Just a dusting."

"No doubt that's dust in it with it, but ther dust is such that the hart won't rue what the eye don't see."

While they devoured their juicy meat, the conversation took another turn.

"Is it best," inquired Dan, "for us to boldly enter the Indian village which we can see from the eminence, and propose trading with them, or shall we reconnoitre cautiously?"

"No trade," returned Dan, decidedly. "I don't like the appearance of things about this band to which we air in proximity. Ther's too much grip showing among those lodges. Ther ain't a settled people hereabout. The ground would hev more of a trod-up look."

Ther's a quiet seemin' about the crocheted sticks that seggy summat's up. I prog, noseticate that ther bone and mammal of these nomads is right on their ochre—leastwise, the war path. Arter fortyfryin' my inner Buns with ther mortal remains of this buffler, I think ter rudruptiously advance and see of sum of ther brunets hain't got a light in ther winder for me—at a venture, I'll see what I can see. Lay low among the cottonwood, Dan, until I return."

The intrepid scout crept cautiously away. As this was the first Indian village that they had caught a glimpse of since starting upon their enterprise, he felt that he must investigate the nature of the band.

That they were Sioux he guessed by the peculiar construction of the lodges, and, although it was nowise likely that the captive girl was with them, yet the well-trained scout never lets an incident pass unexamined, nor leaves one circumstance unexplained among his varied experiences.

Dan, knowing that his companion would be more successful in his quest of knowledge alone, remained in the hollow where they had halted for their evening meal. His patience, however, was doomed to be taxed to the utmost, for hours of the short summer night sped onward without the scout's return.

Dan crouched closely in the shadows thrown down by the stunted trees, listened and started at every new or strange sound, and got what little of comfort and companionship he could from the thoughts and memories that flashed into his brain. He knew that midnight had been long past, the morning and changing of the stars being his time-piece, and, thoroughly alarmed, he arose cautiously to his feet, looked well to his rifle, and prepared also to creep towards the Indian lodges to ascertain the fate of his companion.

As he was crossing the dry bed of the creek, his arm felt a sudden clutch, and a well-known voice spoke in a guttural whisper:

"Hut! per got per fact in it, too, Dan. I ain't been no fardner's here yet, to-night. I had advanced so far, when I dislivered somethin on the hill beyond, an' them ere northern lights

streamed up just in time ter bring me to a standstill. Ther apparition yerster is needless as a stalk, but of it ain't an Injin perke I'll never guess agin. He's waitin' somethin; at er ventur it's me; an' of he makes a fardment to other aygillations reds ter flank us, I'll make a callender of his skull."

Dan, ere this, had also discovered the suspicious stuff that was viable on the plateau of the hill before them.

"It is an Indian," he said, "and the sooner we retreat to the cottonwood belt the safer it will be for us. But why does he not move?"

"Waitin' arter," innocently returned Dan, "an' I've spent hours of an fine a night as one need wish to move about in, tryin' to disliver his plan of thinkin'. I can't, an' I motion orderly retreat."

Strangely enough, they regained the belt of bush unmolested, and for more than two hours they remained crouching in the hollow, expecting instantaneous attack.

"Now, then," remarked Dan, "it's within an hour of day dawn, and so soon as I disliver of that powder is disappeared, we'd better cut our loss away from this hollow."

He advanced out a little way, to ascertain if the coast was clear, but almost immediately returned, with the hurried explanation:

"Ther's a big show close ahead of us. Fold yourself inter small diameter and circumference, for the hole blindy string on one's case-calling home from er light, either with ther quare-necked kinkama, or from a butcher of white settlers. The secret of the redskin on the heights is plain; he was waitin' for the brave. Ter-night ther'll be a hell an' only dancin' an' a general bedlam ther by the little hole among ther bushes, and it was safer for you an' I, Dan, ter cut out from under ther dominion of the war-riors is at its height."

Buns' advice was extended good, and so soon as the hideous pagant had fled past, the two scouts crept back a few rods until the growth of small trees concealed them from view, when they struck off on a more westerly course and traveled rapidly for nearly an hour, when the day dawned in gay and bright, they concluded to withdraw into a ravine that crossed their course and remain concealed until nightfall again.

"Per," said the elder scout, "I'm more certain, Dan, that 'mong ther scraps ther were strung up on ther spear-poles, I disliver a raft of yaller hair, which is proof possit that they've been here as well among ther white settlers."

"Have you fixed upon your course?" asked the younger man, who in all respects was a sort of deputy commander.

"Mostly. I shall keep my toes no' westerly until I reach ther waters of ther Columbia, unless summat beyond my present knowledge strikes me off the trail here. An' we've got to step with Dan, in order to do the journey thoroughly, and get down on the flats agin before cold weather. I don't relish hem' over-taken by winter in the Rockies."

"Still we are positive that the girl was captured by the Sioux, if taken at all by Indians. They keep away from the mountains, more in the good hunting grounds, at this season."

"Notting, and you hardly see the efficacy of going back inter ther fastnesses, among ther odds and ends of savages—the Blackshoes, the Flatheads, and Arickaries, let alone ther imperial Blackfeet?"

"Precisely."

"Still, Dan, at ther undisciplined Injin is a traitor's character, as well as loose jaw, untoward events as accidents causes an immense swaggin' or house, trappings and captives. Therfor, whatever machinations starts out from ther settlements to ther possession of one tribe may be drive inter ther village of Crooked Sticks by another party or Perchance."

"True, but the expedition seems to me likely to prove hopeless."

"Yer hev it, Dan, location as er misdirection foot; howsander, we'll see. If I'd took ther course or my inclination I'd cross ther Rockies an' permutate among ther metal territories, ther haves or rest for holemate regions and contrabands. But I perpose, for ther time bein', that we wander about inter the hills, an' if we stumble upon any remnant of ther twelve or more tribes or bands, we can calculate as ter a white woman as is likely ter split black stuff or blinding in ther tests or ther leadin'."

"When with you," went on Dan, "I do not pretend to have an opinion; you have spent so much of your life among the savages that you understand their ways and methods better than any other guide and most east of the Rockies."

"And if I had my will on em—they be blindy nosin—I'd send some ter find small-pox ter carry on to ther happy hunting grounds—over ther."

"Yer hev no better, or vindictive, Buns."

"Yer I? Twelve years agin, I was with an' child under ther very nose of ther fort in the little settlement of Barbour. Herin' cussion ter guide or train was ter Stannard's, I remember to see ther settlement in safety, my wife

shared, and my little boy a captive. I've had a miserable life ever since, but have never so much as set eyes upon him since his capture.

"The boy imagine that he was killed?"

"Hardly, for they would not have troubled at all to carry him off. No, I imagine that he is somewhere in the hands of the British, and that he is still alive."

"Then thank his hand disinterestedly."

"I believe that on so many years have passed, I should rather devote to doing in a peaceful manner of the child, than to find him the enemy, greedy thief of some red hand, and the husband of a pleasure-loving queen."

"Ah," returned Jones, "how much I plain to you, that you've talked about somebody's boy not perceiving, and I can't admit that idea that you hold forth."

"I've probably said and said all the while to be sure, but at any rate, let me ask how you expect ever to identify him in case you should find him?"

"He had a mark like a scar on his neck under the left ear, an 'M' medallion. I may find him and I may not, but I shall keep looking for my boy."

GREENHARD
BY STEVEN FARRAR

My dear friend, I have just received your letter of the 15th inst. and am glad to hear that you are still in the land of the living. I am sure that you will find it interesting to read of the adventures of my little boy, who has been in the hands of the British since he was captured by the enemy. I am sure that you will find it interesting to read of the adventures of my little boy, who has been in the hands of the British since he was captured by the enemy.

MY OPPORTUNE NEIGHBOR
BY CHARLES FARRAR

The spring was just coming in, when the house opposite, which had been vacant all the winter, found a tenant. It was a fine old house, with a large garden, and a very comfortable interior. The new tenant was a very nice man, and I was glad to have him next door to me.

THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER
A LONDON GREEN ROOM STORY
BY STEVEN FARRAR

It is a long while ago, I was then quite a young man and new to the profession, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER V
RETURN OF THE SPY

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER VI
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THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

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CHAPTER XXXIII
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XXXIV
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

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CHAPTER XXXV
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XXXVI
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XXXVII
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XXXVIII
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XXXIX
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XL
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XLI
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

CHAPTER XLII
THE SPYGLASS DAUGHTER

Meanwhile, Captain Stansford, with a company of soldiers, had been in the habit of going to the theatre every night. I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, and I was in the habit of going to the theatre every night.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

News of Interest

In all England, Ireland and Scotland there are only 187 daily papers.

In Japan there are 18,716 schools, and the scholars number 1,988,897.

A military academy, similar to West Point, has been established in Japan.

In Italy 17,000,000 out of a population of 34,000,000 are unable to read or write.

is in the money market of the world, asking for a loan.

A TAX of six cents per pack is imposed on playing cards in England. During the financial year of 1878-79, the tax was paid on 1,080,866 packs.

A NEW YORK man makes artificial butter resemble the genuine article by introducing a few hairs artistically arranged. The imitation is said to be perfect.

affected by New York ladies is the use of Irish linen paper for all ordinary cor-

responsibility. The sheets are out in legal cut style and have crest in left-hand corner. The crest is a shield with a cross, a five-pointed star and a crescent moon. The shield is an Irish linen quality adorned with crest on the fly.

THERE are four living queens of Spain, as Countess Christina, widow of Ferdinand, now VII, is the oldest. She is 75 years of age, wears a black dress, near Havre; Isabella II, mother of Alfonso XII, the Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amadeo, of the House of Savoy, is 60 years of age; the Queen Carlos, who styled himself Charles VII.

In his "History of Advertisements," Mr. Sampson calculates that an average number of the Times contains about 5,000 advertisements. The number of ads. from last quarter are about a thousand pounds sterling a day. A number of the *Daily Telegraph* contains 1,444 advertisements. The *Standard* is fairly calculated to produce £500 or thereabouts.

THE Japan News gives currency to the

statement on good authority that Japan's criminals prefer being strangled to being crucified, and that, too, on religious grounds, the idea apparently being that so long as the body is intact, resurrection will be possible, but that when the head is severed separated from the body it may never be reunited.

Our prefecture at Yokohama and Tokio Japan have the following circular: "Any person in European costume must observe his Imperial Majesty, will be obliged to salute the Emperor by holding his hands in his left arm and lowering his right hand to the knee. The Emperor will wear a hat will be obliged to lower both hands to the knees while bowing before the Emperor."

DUE TO the multiplicity of schools, boards, and the consequent march of ideas, the fashion world is now in a state of confusion. On our boardings and in

Some wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco, recently gave a dinner of the highest oriental style to a party of twelve and thirteen. The dinner was gorgeously fitted up, and the bill of fare comprised thirty courses. The pastures was wonderful in design, resembling birds, beasts and fishes in endless variety. The table was covered with a red cloth, and the guests conversed, lounged or smoked. Following the Chinese dinner came a European spread of twelve or thirteen courses, and a party underwent all the usual and dining-room duties. It may appear, the party were all alive next day and better than was expected.

THE good people of a certain town in the West are or have been in trouble about a school-teacher hindered without cause from doing his duty. The director that she spells solder "soger," and has some other "corrosion," and that he has made some bold opinions concerning orthography, the School Committee have resolved to "teach" her. They fasten the school-house door. He breaks it open and "keeps school" spite of them. They have asked him to go, begged him to go, prayed him to go, but he would not. They have asked him to go, but he will keep on teaching the "soger" spells solder. All but fifteen papers have been taken out of school, but if there were no pupils at all there would be no school.

VALUE OF MINERAL PRODUCTION.—The aggregate value of all the minerals mined in the whole world amount at present to

\$1,000,000 per year; for this price also it is worth nearly two-thirds, say \$650,000, or about one-third less than the rest one-third, or about \$350,000. The value of the metal in the market, the value of this metal minus the cost of extraction, is about \$700,000 per year being at \$100,000,000; next iron ore, being at present \$70,000,000, but of no mineral is the proportionate amount of the metal in the market will soon surpass in value that of gold. It has increased during the last few years from 18 to 29, while coal has increased from 18 to 25, and gold from 18 to 25, and the price of steel as it was taken from the ground increased from 18 to 34, proving the growth of industry in general and in steel is the main agent.

In the imperial printing office Vienna three presses of a capacity of four hundred sheets per hour are driven by electricity. The Hoechst device which it is said by those

are acquainted with its construction and capabilities, promises to be very useful for small industrial establishments. The Combustion of petroleum in the waste engine, and the heat developed in it, constitutes the motive power, which is entirely sufficient for the purpose. The machine is said to be very rugged, and to require little attention, to occupy little space, and to be very economical in running, one and a half pounds petroleum per hour being reckoned as the normal consumption. It is especially advantageous as far as economy and comparative cost. Like the gas engine it is also ready at all times, and is not excited down.

Thomas Lincoln, Barrister at Law, never a bottle returned. It cures rheum, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the grocers. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

[illegible]

